THE UNDERGRADUATE MAGAZINE OF COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY, EST. 1890

The blue and white

Vol. XXI No. II April 2015



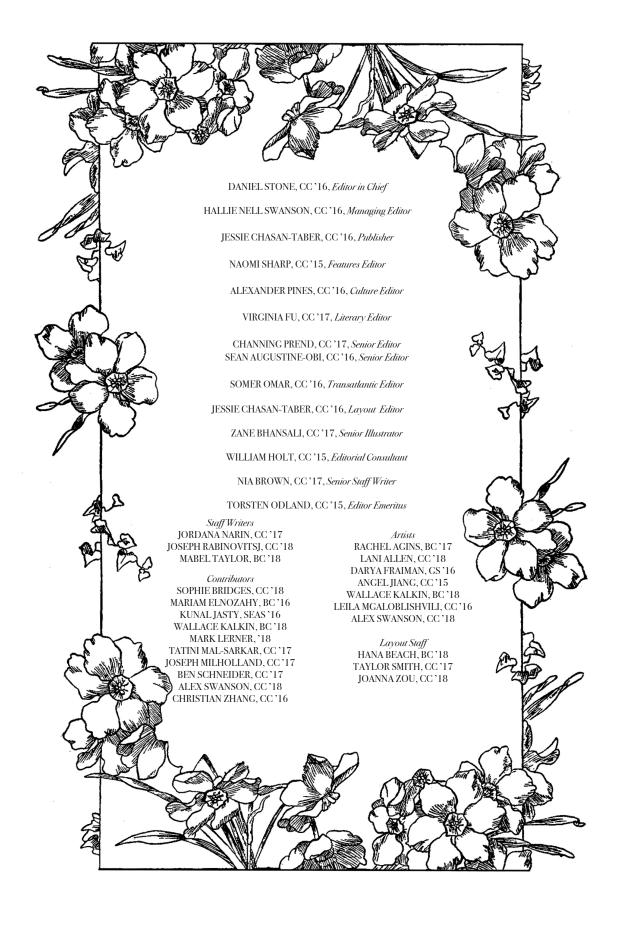
The Boys' Club

Behind CCSC's Gender Gap

'Life's Like That'

Deantini Speaks!

Also Inside: Reid Jenkins, Julian NoiseCat, Abby Abrams...



THE BLUE AND WHITE

Vol. XXI

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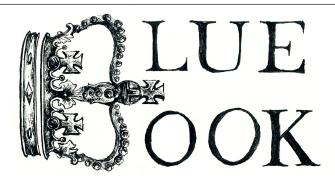
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In the Greatest City in the Greatest Country in the World



LETTER FROM THE EDITOR

One event during my freshman spring left me ever skeptical of Columbia. The day before prospective students were to due to arrive in John Jay to experience Columbia, every maintenance request we had filed the past six months was resolved. Our sink-microwave "kitchenette"—which housing told us was "our responsibility," hence the moldy chicken fingers and Natty Light cans—was sanitized. The next morning, green flags flew over South Field for the first time all year.

It all seemed oddly fortuitous to me, as if Columbia knew what it should be doing to match the postcard. A *Blue and White* editor said, "Prove it." A few unanswered emails and phone calls later, I found that I couldn't. Someone let it slip that the opening of the fields was probably arranged, but that was all. No one would admit to a campus beautification conspiracy—and I could not write a piece founded purely on speculation.

Such is the dilemma we regularly face at *The Blue and White*. How can we reconcile what we believe to be true with what we can prove, and thus can tell others? Generally, the specifics are far murkier than the broad-strokes narrative.

We see this conflict throughout this issue. Nia Brown and Naomi Sharp both attempt the impossible task of summing a person up in 500 words—all the more impossible when they have strong and sometimes controversial convictions, like Abby Abrams and Julian NoiseCat. Channing Prend digs up some research to give us a picture of a "community" scholarship program which looks different in reality. Then, in our interview with James Valentini, Dean of Columbia College, personal experience informs our pursuit of answers to impossible questions.

We can only hope we've made the right call.

-Daniel Stone

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COME AGAIN?!

"[BSO] opted to contribute to the campus conversation with an antagonistic and misleading status that does nothing to further Dr. [Martin Luther] King's dream...Congratulations, BSO, on being a disgrace to Martin Luther King Jr., to members of the black and Jewish student communities, and to Columbia as a whole..."

– Joshua Fattal and Adam Shapiro in their Spec op-ed

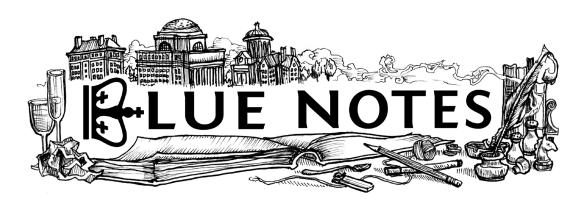
MISSION STATEMENT

In this issue's Conversation (p. 28), Dean Valentini recommended we take a look at the official Columbia College mission statement and try to write our own. Too lazy to come up with something new, we decided to play Mad Libs $^{\text{TM}}$ with the current one, found online here: college.columbia.edu/about/mission.

At Columbia College, a uniquely designed Core Curriculum of white men plus up to two of the following: Fanon, Gandhi, DuBois and Virginia Woolf—but hey, maybe St. Augustine was North African—provides every student with an ability to speak pretentiously at an imminent cocktail party that will never come. The distinctively personal and highly interactive seminar format of the core courses furnishes every student with an education in hiding the fact that they haven't done the reading. Regardless of ensuing life choices—whether in consulting, finance, or law school—we encourage all students to donate. Columbia students also have the exclusive opportunity to enhance their chosen studies through the unparalleled energy, vitality, and multicultural variety of New York City, if they ever leave campus. No other college in America offers students the integration of the highest level of educational stress in a community with an incomprehensible offering of professional, career, and life grievances. There is no more effective and dynamic preparation for the future than studying at Columbia College in the heart of the world's most cosmopolitan city. Fuck Princeton.

POSTCARD FROM MORNINGSIDE





They say there's no smoke without fire. At Columbia, there's no snow without a brush to sweep it aside, or salt to melt it—no matter the time.

The logistics behind this miracle are extraordinary. A team of 15, part of Columbia Facilities' Grounds, Waste Management, and Recycling division, alongside a small corps of volunteers, carry out all the snow removal around the Morningside campus and the Studebacher complex on 133rd Street. These staffers work through every snowstorm, regardless of its duration. They work 16-hour staggered shifts and are on 24-hour call; some have over 15 years of experience in the field. Frank Molina, their manager of nine years, is the brains behind the brawn.

Before the first snowflake has time to leave its incubatory cloud, the team is in position, machine-equipped, and prepared with de-icing apparatuses. There are 21 snow-clearing machines in total, all Columbia owned. Each is assigned to a certain portion of campus, and all are stored under Columbia's campus in a garage, underneath Fairchild, nicknamed "The Grove" for a long-gone stretch of campus greenery. They are used mainly to clear paths for students to walk to class without the mortification of



an unsightly slip.

However, the machines can't reach everywhere. Some parts of Columbia's campus are inaccessible—the overpass between main campus and EC, for example. Here, the teams must resort to mere shovels, or haul 800 kilograms of equipment up the stairs.

Last winter alone, 13,400 hours of labor went into ensuring clear pathways through 14 storms that collectively dropped 58 inches of snow. Over 200,000 pounds of de-icing kept walkways slip-free. For their resistance against the relentless Manhattan winters, the team were awarded a Grand Award by the Professional Grounds Management Society in 2007, and an Honor Award in 2010.

Yet snow clearing is but a small part of the Grounds, Waste Management, and Recycling department's duties: they are responsible for laying and uplifting all the tarps on campus, preparing the grounds for Commencement and Convocation, and managing Columbia's waste and recycling all year round. They are not some ephemeral host that expires with retreating wintry winds.

- Alex Swanson

After the January 7th attack on French satirical weekly *Charlie Hebdo* resounded around the world, the magazine upped its print run from 60,000 to seven million. Book Culture, on 112th, was among the first three shops in the city to sell the magazine, along with Albertine at the French embassy, and McNally Jackson in SoHo.

The first shipment of *Charlie Hebdo* issues arrived at Book Culture through a distributor of French magazine subscriptions in the United States. Air France offered free transport of the pub-



lication. In France, the government assisted Charlie Hebdo produce its first issue after the attack, since the offices of the magazine were in "tumult" and, according to Book Culture's independent owner, Chris Doeblin, "the quantity of the print run was so huge they just needed extra support, and the various ministers of the arts and so forth in France decided

to supplement it."

The huge demand in France extended to New York. According to Doeblin, "anybody and everybody" wanted to buy the magazine at the store. They sold out in two and a half hours and subsequently restocked with a second and third shipment. Doeblin framed one of the copies from the initial shipment. The owners of the frame shop he took it to were Muslim. "They were glad to frame it," Doeblin said, "and stand in support of freedom of expression"

Although the overwhelming response to *Charlie Hebdo*'s arrival at Book Culture was positive, and numerous people commended Doeblin on his choice to stock the magazine, Doeblin recounts that he also "got several emails from people, including people on [his] staff who were very disconcerted by [the] decision to to sell it ... because there [was] sensitivity to the people who could potentially be offended."

Doeblin doesn't think *Charlie Hebdo* has a big enough regular readership to warrant the sale

of future issues. Not that he is a particular fan himself: he personally finds the magazine "almost pornographic in its idiocy." But, he stressed, stocking the edition was about "a profound issue of standing up for freedom of [speech]...anybody in the publishing world, that's our center of gravity."

- Wallace Kalkin

Beneath Philosophy Hall, a detour in Columbia's tunnel system leads to an abandoned firing range. It's extremely

narrow: had two people stood abreast to shoot, the entire rifle club would have lived up to their nickname "Deadeye Dicks."

Although small, the range served the Dicks and members of Columbia's chapter of ROTC from 1910 to 1960. Today, the wear on the old range shows. Were it not for the peeling plaster, pockmarked with bullet holes, one might think that the range was just another vaguely creepy passageway leading to a boiler room.

The firing range closed in 1960 because a bigger and better one was built in the newly built Ferris Booth Hall (the student center that preceded Lerner) in the same year. The new range was shuttered when the administration gave the space to Barnes & Noble. By then, there were few marksmen on campus, but plenty of naïve first-years willing to shell out for overpriced books. From guns to *Guns, Germs, and Steel.* So it goes.

The firing range went out with a bang and, incidentally, a cloud of smoke. In 1983, after the administration banished the club, there were two mysterious fires in the basement of Ferris Booth Hall within the span of a week. Although firefighters were unsure of the cause, they did not rule out arson.

As the *Spectator* reported, "Tom Chalecki, a member of the Rifle Team, said there was 'no relation at all between the fire and the team's eviction." Another article stated that "Jim Martin, the fire marshall, labelled the fire 'suspicious' because 'nobody was around when it was found." To further the conspiracy, all of the club's live ammunition had been removed just the day prior. Now there are books instead of bullets, and Lerner's basement Barnes & Noble may be preferable to an outlet for a group of trigger-happy arsonists.

- Joseph Rabinovitsj



Campus Characters

You might not know the following figures—but you should. In Campus Characters, The Blue and White introduces you to a handful of Columbians who are up to interesting and extraordinary things and whose stories beg to be shared. If you'd like to suggest a Campus Character, send us an email at editors@theblueandwhite.org.

ABBY ABRAMS

Change has come to the office of the *Columbia Daily Spectator*. Sections of the wall have been replaced with whiteboards, members of the Business and Innovation team work from new couches, and a worker on a ladder seems to be dismantling part of the ceiling. There's even a potted plant, though it's fake.

"From IKEA," confesses Abby Abrams, BC '15, sitting at the desk she used to occupy as editor-in-chief. Last year, Abby steered the *Spectator* through one of the biggest changes in its history when it became the first Ivy League newspaper to drop its daily print edition.

Going digital had been on the table for a while; the print edition was becoming unprofitable, its readership was low, and its funding could be used to expand the *Spectator*'s work-study program for a handful of staffers.

"Certainly, I'm someone who loves the print paper," says Abby, an English major who grew up in a suburb of St. Louis. "[But] if it's not relevant and students don't read it, then we're just working in a void."

Talking to Abby is a little like reading one of



her articles—she's thoughtful and diplomatic, with a habit of using "certainly" for emphasis that seems to have migrated from her writing to her speech. She first considered being a reporter when she took a journalism class in middle school. By high school, she was sure.

After joining the *Spectator* in her freshman year, Abby quickly earned a reputation as one the paper's best and most prolific reporters. She was elected editor-in-chief without ever having served on the managing board.

As the face of the newspaper, Abby took both praise and heat when the digital transition made national headlines. Like many decisions during her tenure as editor, however, she made the call in close consultation with the other members of the *Spectator*'s corporate board: then-managing editor Steven Lau, CC '15, and publisher Michael Ouimette, CC '16, who succeeded Abby as editor-inchief. (Abby and Michael are now dating.)

The corporate board worked well together, but sometimes left other editors bristling. Several members of the former managing board, who asked for anonymity, said they were exasperated by what they saw as a lack of transparency. "Especially Michael and Abby, they always had an idea in mind of what was going to happen that they executed without any regard to what people wanted," said one former editor, expressing a sentiment echoed by every editor I spoke with.

Tensions surfaced during the decision to go digital. By the time the corporate board told the editors, it seemed more like a final call than an invitation for input. Staffers on The Eye, the official magazine of the *Spectator*; were particularly upset when they learned in a last-minute meeting that their weekly print issue had been cut.

Breaking with tradition has been hard for the many people who felt an attachment to the print

Spectator—readers, alums, and staff members alike. But even Abby's critics give her credit for a transition to digital that could hardly have turned out better. The Spectator, which now prints weekly, is publishing complex pieces with impressive design, thanks in part to a new partnership with the Washington Post. Like all legacy publications, it's adapting.

For her part, Abby is ready to let go of last year's responsibilities. Being editor was "the most incredible and wonderful and infuriating experience I've ever had," Abby says, but it's nice to have the time to write and report again. She's back in her element.

- Naomi Sharp

Julian NoiseCat

I'm worried about my swimming test," Julian NoiseCat, CC '15, says. "Maybe you should put that at the beginning—that I am concerned I won't graduate because I might not pass the swim test."

When I arrived at Butler Lounge to meet the history major, *Spectator* editorial board member, and president of the Native American Council, he was craned over his laptop, working on his thesis. It's about indigenous nationalist politics and culture in British Columbia in the mid-20th century; incidentally, while he was writing the thesis, his first nation ("I am from Canada, where 'tribe' is generally perceived to be an outdated and somewhat racist term," he says) was in the midst of negotiating a treaty with the Canadian government. NoiseCat sees the agreement as a "bribe" that originates in colonialist legacy. He is trying to raise support against the signing, which the nation will vote on in the fall of 2015.

NoiseCat's work led to the founding of the Special Interest Community (SIC) Manhattan House, which aspires to be "a community for indigenous students and their supporters," in spring 2013. Here, his suitemate, Mariah Gladstone, CC '15, says that he has license to be "just goofy and ridiculous." Some quotes from the "Julian quote list" she keeps include, "I'm a fan of putting mission statements on things," and—relatedly—"Hi everyone, we're the Native American Council and we're here to take back our land."

NoiseCat is also committed to his first nation in Canada. He was nominated to be chief, which would have required that he live on the reservation and drop out of college. He chose to stay—working at Columbia, too, is part of his desire to "play a part in making life better for our people," says NoiseCat. NoiseCat tried to get the administration to recognize the Lenape people and to celebrate Indigenous People's Day.



He also wrote a *Spectator* op-ed criticizing CUCR's celebration of Columbus Day, and approached the Chaplain's office about having a Native spiritual leader or advisor available to meet with students, to no avail.

His activism led him to his job at the Bronx public defender's office, gathering evidence and providing assistance to those who can't afford legal counsel. Going in, he said, he knew how "the criminal justice system has been abused to disenfranchise the poor and people of color." He found that "even if you're the public defender, you are still participating in the system. It's easy to get carried away with idealisms and that sort of thing ... you come to realize that, in the day to day reality of fighting for what's right for the people you want to fight for, it's a lot more complicated than that."

For one project, NoiseCat interviewed a young man at Riker's Island. The man, in his 20s, had spent a month in solitary and was facing an additional year. The interview lasted as long as prison restrictions would allow—"mostly because he didn't want to go back to solitary confinement and, you know, I wanted to help him *not* go back to solitary confinement," says NoiseCat.

The two had even talked about playing hockey, a big part of NoiseCat's life and something the young man had once done. NoiseCat, president and captain of the Columbia University Club Hockey team, earlier had called hockey "like the least political thing I do."

After graduation, NoiseCat hopes to eventually attend law school. In the meantime, he'll be spending nine months at Oxford, studying Global and Imperial history with a Clarendon Scholarship and running a men's health workshop with a friend on a reservation in South Dakota. That is, if he can pass the swim test first.

- Nia Brown





Should you read

It's 3am, and you've just written your last (you hope!) draft of *Harry Potter/Lord of the Rings/*Flo from Progressive fanfic. You pause as you pretend to reread the passionate prose and consider the quality of the work you've just completed. Ah, you sigh in relief. It's beautiful and eloquent and a downright masterpiece, you think to yourself. You hit post. You smile happily and treat yourself to a pint of ice cream in celebration. What glory you'll attain through fanfiction.net. Suck it, Franzen.

Two days later, you begin pondering what the spectacular world of the splendid Internet thinks of your work. After all, if you love something this much,

it *must* love you back, right. Right? And honestly, "Clearer Than My Tears" is objectively an exquisite work of art.

So you leap over your initial hesitance and bound towards the candy shop of joy that the comments must be. "Beautiful language and excellent plot," you expect to find. "A real pleasure to read. Can't wait 4 more!!!!!" Extravagant praise in limitless quantities—praise you deserve. Your fingers flutter nervously above the keyboard, heart pounding.

But alas. No such luck. Far from 700 five star reviews, you catch a glimpse of two stars, one star, sad broken halves of stars,

black holes. "Bizarre, poorly written, and boring," are the words you so didn't see coming. Your self-esteem comes crashing down, your heart palpitates in shame, and your hands, fumbling for those specialty Chocolate Frogs you bought last week, close in instead on your still-hot hair straightener. Even Frodo, forced to rescue Flo from merpeople in the Triwizard Tournament, never endured such anguish.

Twenty seven minutes and one red velvet, cream cheese frosted Entenmann's cake later, you

emerge from your cesspool of angst and self-loathing, a burgeoning butterfly from the cocoon of your past self. You're distraught, yes, but dedicated to a future of improvement. You've reread your work, and discovered at least three typos (not the least of which was "potatos"). One disappointment, you know, does not equate to a lifetime of failure—and what even is disappointment but a learning opportunity?

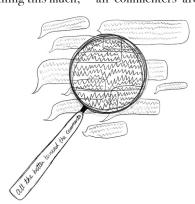
Yes, it's a bit naïve, perhaps, to think that all comments serve as a jumping-off point for improvement, but there's something to be said for seeking genuine opinions and feedback of other people. Not all commenters are trolls and the strength of the

Internet stems from its interactivity. At the end of the day, maybe you should try to start using more commas in your work. Or any punctuation besides exclamation marks. Maybe you really didn't actually know the meaning of some of the words you used, like "masticate," or "penumbra," (as in "he masticated Flo's penumbra!").

Plus, Frodo's a hobbit, damnit, his dick doesn't have to be a foot long, "dumbfuck" is one word not two, Rhûn is a coastal region and thus standard homeowners insurance is unlikely to cover floods, nuclear accidents, or magical warfare—nor would it contain

a cash value component that builds with time—and HarryxDraco4eva69 has a point when he thoughtfully recommends that you quit your job, burn the house down, give him the money and the orbs, and retreat with him to the forests of Northern Saskatchewan to rear a race of dwarves in preparation for the return of the Dark Lord.

You can be free of the trolls without ignoring the genuine feedback. Just don't let them get you down!•



AFFIRMATIVEBy Tatini Mal-Sarkar





the comments?

You have never known such joy.
You feel tingles of ecstasy cascade up and

down your body. You are alive. You can forget about the drudgery of everyday life, the neverending paperwork, the goddamn turmoil in the Middle East. Leave it all behind. It doesn't matter anymore.

You just poured your heart out. Your literal heart. That pulsating orb of blood and muscle that

keeps your brain ticking and your dick tocking? You took it and you put it on the doggone page. And then what? You posted that shit. You gave it a quick proofread and bought it a one-way ticket to Internetville. Congrats, amigo. Welldone.

So now, after all that we've been through, you're going to even consider reading the comments? I don't believe it. I don't get it. I am a ship adrift on the sea. I am a forgotten puppy left to

sweat and die on the car dashboard. Think with me for a minute. Think about every draft, every in-depth character analysis, every painstaking trip to theonering.net for infor-

mation on Tolkein's bathing habits. Think about the children. All the children you could have had, that is, if you weren't so busy squeezing your masterpiece out of the hot, distended cervix of your imagination. This is your baby. Your slimy, veiny crotchfruit. Wipe away the uterine goo and look at it. It's beautiful. It's a motherfucking miracle.

You are an artist. A rare creative soul making this world a better place with your enchanting wordsmithery and your dope use of symbolism to convey the challenges of being an insurance salesman in Rhûn, east of Rhovanion and just south of the best parts of Middle-Earth. The good ones, without cheap-skates and muggles. What are comments? Comments are the infectious spores of a deadly bacteria. The tip of the iceberg that's going to leave your boat mercilessly wrecked on the ocean floor of the icy Arctic. The bitter hot breath of the bear that wants to rip out your jugular and urinate on you as you bleed out.

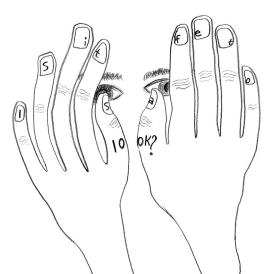
They're the vegan assholes who put the placenta in the fridge and eat it with their morning-after omelette. It's not a muffin. It's a fucking placenta. Fuck the comments.

Forget about the trolls and think about all the dwarves you need to write about! Don't abandon the dwarves, man. Please. They need you. I need you. What you don't need is some dumb fuck with couch sores telling you how to improve your writ-

ing. Because here's the truth that everyone in their rightful jealousy is denying: you are perfect. Natalie-Portman-at-the-end-of-*Black-Swan* perfect. You don't need other

people or their shit advice. All you need is a motherfucking keyboard. And a brain. That's it. I swear. You're at work on something bigger here. Bigger than all the "this sucks" and "what a nerd" and "burn your computer" comments. Bigger than all the one-star reviews and the heckles and the nominations for the FanFic Hall of Shame. As Our Lady Queen of Pop Taylor Swift tells us, haters gonna hate, hate, hate.

You gotta shake it off. Shake it off, my wayward son.◆



NEGATIVE By Mabel Taylor

TOLD BETWEEN PUFFS

In which our hero purloins

7V emerged from Nussbaum & Wu Delicatessen and Confectioners' one Tuesday morning to find that it was spring. Swallows were making their inscrutable gestures in the air and a woman in the fetal position, leaning on her friend,

was vomiting on the steps before him.

"Snakes, if they swallow something too big, will disgorge it. That's vomiting," the friend was saying, "Most vertebrates are able to vomit. Not rats and horses, though. Or rabbits, or guinea pigs. Japanese quail."

"But what's the difference between a lie you tell yourself and ideology?" The vomiting woman asked between unsteady inhalations, her eyes squeezed shut tight like a child in prayer.

"Ideology is motivated. It's not just about rational error. Some animals are just missing the right part of the brain. The part that tells you to vomit-NOT ON MY TOMS, EMILY!"

Verily hurried past them, stepping gingerly around the Twombly-like streaks. He was on his way to Havemeyer for his Marxist Herpetology course, which fulfilled his lab science requirement. VV had reached a low point in his academic career. Since dropping the last Global Core course he had been enrolled in, Advising had sent numerous missives; notices reminding him that his independent project proposal "Emerson and Goethe: A Project Proposal" had been rejected.

Thus it was that on Tuesday mornings VV had the pleasure of donning a white cotton coat in Havemeyer 309 and holding in his hands small animals: creeping things each with its own name, in Latin proper, its own lineage-none of which he had bothered to learn. There were expired specimens too, plucked, pickled and gleaming out of jars of alcoholic brews; wrinkled, tubelike snakes, dessicated turtles, chewed up looking frogs with absurd, spindly legs.

> A fine course, VV decided. Over the course of this semester, Verily had pocketed three frogs

and a snake. What was it, he wondered, that made it so wonderful. this pilfering of creep-

ing things? Whatever it was, he was eager for it now, the blunt uncomplicated pleasure of a corn snake wriggling in pocket as he strode across Low Plaza. The duties of life thus discharged.

But today, looking down at the dappled lizard in hand, almost meeting the eyes that bugged out in stunned, otherworldly confusion, he felt something in the brain shift. VV handed the reptile to the TA, who had been looking at him

suspiciously for the past few weeks but who looked concerned now. He was saying something Verily could not hear. VV was moving as if in a dream, out the door, staggering past rows of lockers so that he could kneel in the Havemeyer bathroom stall and wretch desperately, ineffectually, into the refractive abyss. Alone, caught hard in a spiral of nausea, Verily rocked back and forth, producing small whimpering noises.

There are animals, VV remembered, who brainwash other animals into caring for them. Cuckoo birds, for instance, at the coming of each spring, lay their eggs in the nests of other birds. There are cow fungi that infect the brains of ants; cat parasites that, when they infect humans, compel them to love the sight of a cat. It came it came sweetly, spectacularly, with the sloppy force of a confession, unretractable. When he was finished, Verily stood to watch as the contents of his human body were swept away, swallowed, all of it, the water coming back clear.

Lerner's Glass Ceiling

CCSC's demographic misrepresentation
By Mariam Elnozahy

The Columbia College Student Council (CCSC) is elected by the student body (or the 40 percent who vote) every April. Its 25 members are tasked with representing Columbia College students. They are often invited to closed University functions and meet regularly with administrators to discuss policy changes, the campus climate, and the school community. At the end of every year, the council oversees the allocation of every student's activity fee to student groups and uses part of the allocation to put on events. CCSC, in short, structurally possesses power and influence. The granting of this power is justified through the collective ritual of elections, which purports to involve all students at Columbia.

When students vote in council elections, they hope to vote for the candidate who best represents them: demographically, ideologically, and with regard to pertinent issues. Skewed demographics prevent the council from representing students adequately in terms of ideology or issues. CCSC's demographics and Columbia's demographics have not mirrored each other in recent years. But this year, the disconnect is more stark than ever, and the the clearest gap between council demographics and the student body at large is gender. (For the purposes of this piece, the terms "men" and "women" refer to cisgender men and women.)

On April 1st 2015, as this issue went to press, the incoming CCSC executive board was elected. It was 80 percent male (and 100 percent Greek). This is a new trend: if we look at demographics from the past decade, we see that CCSC has, generally speaking, historically been constituted nearly equally of women and men. But the 2014-2015 and 2015-2016 classes' demographic makeup looks different. Columbia College women, who constitute 51 per cent of the student population, made up a little bit more than a third of the 2014-2015 CCSC membership. While they represent 44 percent of the 2015-2016 CCSC, in neither year did CCSC have a single female class president. In 2014-2015, there was no female at-

large representative; in 2015-2016, there is just one.

"CONFIDENCE AND FEAR"

An important part of the equation is who actually runs in the first place. At an Elections Board information session for the upcoming CCSC and Engineering Student Council (ESC) elections in March, of the 28 individuals in the room, only two prospective female candidates who were new to council came to find out how to get involved. In between bites of the free pizza and cozy banter amongst the individuals in the room (who mostly seemed to know each other already), prospective candidates (all male) inquired about the "perks" of being on Council and the privileges given to those who are elected. Neither of the female prospective candidates asked questions.

According to University Senator Jared Odessky, CC '15, who has been involved with council for four years, "Confidence and fear play a big role in who decides to run or not run." His choice of words is telling: a 2014 article in *The Atlantic*, "The Confidence Gap," surveys social scientific literature of past decade to locate trend in literature women are less likely to sign up for opportunities than men, who are less likely to doubt themselves. While less likely to independently put themselves out there, women will take on those same responsibilities when asked.

When the time to run came this Spring, 16 women and 28 men ran. What had happened to the 28 to 2 men-to-women ratio of the interest meeting? Odessky observed that there's "definitely a tokenization factor" in CCSC party formation. Rather than women independently deciding to run for class council or executive board and then forming a party, he said, "Often the people at the helm of a class council party will be white men who have the confidence to run at the head." They then proceed to "select a vice president who diversifies their ticket," he says. Odessky ran as president, with a female vice president, his freshman year. For the 2015-2016 academic year, this was only true of one of three classes; for

April 2015

2014-2015, it was true of nobody. In both years, all of the class presidents were men.

Odessky says that these men "usually try to incorporate at least two women on their ballot." These women are overwhelmingly class representatives (which constitute 54 percent of positions), rather than president or vice president. The trend prevailed this year: only one of the five candidates for class president was a woman, while nine of the twelve candidates for class representative were women. Correspondingly, out of all the eight candidates for at-large representative positions (which do not run under parties), two were women.

"THE TOKENIZATION FACTOR"

Who actually gets elected? The 2015-2016 membership comprises 14 men and 11 women. On a basic demographic level, 56 percent are white, 52 percent percent attended private school and 56 percent percent have previously been members. So far, so equal. But the intersections of the data are far more revealing. An important distinction should be made between presidents and vice presidents on one hand, and class representatives on the other. The latter is clearly subordinate: according to the Elections Board information packet for candidates, their job is to "assist the Class President and the Class Vice President." Whereas the balance between white/ non-white, private school/public school and even experienced/new to council remains close to 50 percent across positions, this is emphatically not true for the balance between men and women.

For the 2015-2016 class, 80 percent of nonclass rep positions are held by men, while 73 percent of the women on student council are class reps. This is particularly significant because class reps are also more likely to be new to the student council scene. Of the female class reps in 2015-2016, 75 percent were entirely new to council. This statistic, when coupled with the lack of women in higher positions, suggests a pattern whereby women, on the whole, enter council at rep positions, and do not stick around to ascend the CCSC ladder.

The class of 2016, the only current class for which we can do a comprehensive analysis of 'lifers', would seem to provide a neat illustration of this phenomenon. Three men have been constant CCSC fixtures since being on council their freshman year: Peter Bailinson (current CCSC president),

Grayson Warrick (VP Policy for 2015-2016) and Ramis Wadood (now University Senator). Excepting Anne Scotti, who served two (first as representative and then as VP), no woman has served on the class of 2016 for more than one year. Excepting Scotti and a VP freshman year who did not run again, all have been representatives.

Meanwhile, Bailinson and Warrick started as representatives, stayed on in council and ascended the ranks. Men in this class were also more likely to have bypassed the representative stage altogether. In all cases but the freshman election, women on 2016 council entered as representatives, while those who entered as president and vice president were men.

What these numbers boil down to is this: fewer women than men run for CCSC. When they do run, they run overwhelmingly as representatives, or occasionally vice presidents, on a male president's ticket. (A woman in the 2015-2016 CCSC is 72 percent likely to be a representative; a man is 85 percent likely *not* to be.) They are less likely than male representatives to ascend to higher positions. Worse, they are much less likely to stick around to serve more than one year. Instead, they tend to leave, freeing up room for the next batch of new representatives, who if 2015-2016 is anything to go by, have an 80 percent chance of being female.

This shows us that while an election poster may depict an apparently neat balance of men and women, and indeed while the composition of the 2015-2016 council is nearly 50-50 men to women, men enter with more power and they hold on to it for longer. The 'lifers' (like Odessky, Bailinson, Warrick and Wadood) know how to navigate CCSC after a couple years, while the women's voices on council are less experienced, have less of a say, and are in the minority in the first place.

"You could literally say you were on council and do nothing."

So why aren't women running for council? Several former council members acknowledge the insularity of CCSC, using words like "impenetrable" and characterizing it as a "boys' club." There is consensus that CCSC is a professionalized environment where "people certainly see it as a resume padding zone as opposed to a zone where you can take issues from bottom up," says Odessky. He added that there's a kind of individual that gravitates towards

that resume-padding zone. "People who are aware of these positions and [the fact that] these types of things exist are a certain type of people," he says. To corroborate this, a series of texts allegedly sent to multiple individuals by a CC '18 council member running for re-election implores the recipient of the text to run for CCSC, saying "This is such an easy opportunity to get a leadership position on your cv [sic] [...] You could literally say you were on council and do nothing."

Council can easily appear to outsiders as a closed network of individuals who already know each other-one text says council work would be nothing but "a few chats with people you're already close with." It's hard to tell what CCSC work this refers to, but the idea of council being dominated by kids already in the "loop" is a significant perception of CCSC. Most significantly, the winning presidential and vice-president of policy team billed themselves primarily as outsiders without access to the "CCSC private jet." An anonymous tip to Bwog in the aftermath of the elections read: "It's unfair that rich, privileged kids playing dirty politics are winning while honest, hard working, first generation students are losing just because they played clean." While this can't exactly be proven, that popular view has the potential to dictate who runs, which further reinforces the problem.

In the opinion of Odessky, CCSC is "definitely a pipeline of people who have been surrounded by people like the people at Columbia their entire lives." They have to be willing to be public about their ambition and campaign for people to like them. This is an attitude that often comes with privilege. (Take Shamus Khan's class.) This kind of student seems more likely to be male—or at least, male students seem more likely to believe themselves to be this kind

of student.

When asked why women aren't running for CCSC, the two women on the 2014-2015 executive board, Abigail Porter (CC '17, VP Communications and Sejal Singh, CC '15, VP Policy) both called it a "vicious cycle." It is evident that students recognize the necessity of widening the scope of council representation. It's just not clear that they're willing to go to lengths to address the issue.

UNDER1ROOF, ONE DEMOCRAPHIC

In the fall, the newly elected council goes on a retreat to the YMCA camp Frost Valley in Upstate New York. Members of the Office of Student Engagement lead the students, along with other "student leaders" chosen to go on the trip, through team building exercises. One particular workshop for CCSC was an Under1Roof-style articulation of identities.

Participants represented themselves with postits on a variety of banners in the room marked by the headings "Race," "Socioeconomic Background," "Ability," "Sexuality," "Gender," "Major" and "Religion/Religious Identity." The exercise revealed stark imbalances in the makeup of the room. Only one representative on 2014-2015 CCSC was on full or partial financial aid, according to the person in question. Before the incoming freshman class council, exactly 75 percent of the members on CCSC were male. Porter says that "other than gender, race was the least diverse category on council." Some members involved in the workshop asserted that the council needed to recognize that their respective identities do not represent everyone in Columbia College, and that they needed to move forward being conscious of that. That happened quite quickly: Odessky said,

> "You don't know who is in that room until that point...we spent five seconds acknowledging the imbalances in the room and then moved on."

> Council had trouble holding on to this self awareness throughout the year. In early March, *The Nightly Show with Larry Wilmore* invited CCSC to send two Columbia students to appear on a program about campus sexual assault. After rejecting the option of extending the invitation to "an activist" to speak on the

show, CCSC engaged in large debate over a 130+email long thread about which of themselves to send instead. Random selection was proposed, but the draw's results, as was statistically probable given CCSC's makeup, resulted in two men being chosen to be spokespeople about sexual violence, a situation Peter Bailinson (CCSC President, 2014) called "a little odd." In the end, The Nightly Show ended up dropping the segment. At the CCSC meeting rehashing the thread, Odessky pointed out in reference to the council's making decisions about gender issues that "two-thirds of the people sitting in this room are men." The council has not published minutes since October, but if Bwog's coverage of the meeting is anything to go by, it seems that while devoting so much energy to the show, nobody discussed how this statistic could be a bigger problem.

TALKING SHIT

CCSC meets every Sunday night at 8pm in the Lerner Satow room. The tables are configured in a U-shape facing chairs at the front of the room so that members of the student body are free to sit and observe the meeting. Rarely anyone besides campus press or members of other councils ever do, yet it's a formal, regimented affair. Every meeting starts with a display of a timed and detailed agenda. The CCSC president moderates a "speakers list" throughout the meeting, which designates who is allowed to speak on each issue at hand.

The speakers list reflects how gender imbalances become institutionalized in this setting. A quick headcount at the beginning of the meeting showed eight women to 17 men. I had a set of tallies going for the entire meeting. Over the course of an hour and a half, female representatives spoke twice and a woman proposed a policy change once: CCSC VP Policy Singh Singh, regarding sexual assault and the Office of Judicial Affairs. Only during discussion directly related to sexual assault did the female representatives in the room became attentive and talkative. In all other policy matters, the only women to speak were the two women who sit on the executive board, Porter and Singh.

Though technology is formally banned at the meeting, every CCSC representative passes time by participating in a series of group texts (each class council has one and each committee has one) talking shit about each other. This discussion can be gen-

dered. During an exchange jokingly discussing how Singh's tooth was chipped, one man's suggestion was that she chipped it on a dildo. As one of few dominant female voices on CCSC, Singh is aware that her conduct is under more scrutiny than the average (read male) CCSC member. Singh says, "Of course women on council face microaggressions and discrimination," but adds that "it's no more than any corporate office environment." Porter says: "If there's a vocal woman on council, she's 'bossy' or 'bitchy." Both women acknowledged that in order to break into this club, you have to be willing to put up with these monikers, and often with disrespect.

WOMEN'S ISSUES

In contrast to CCSC, the leadership of the majority of activist, political, religious and humanitarian groups on campus is female. Hillel, the Muslim Students Association, and Columbia University College Republicans are all major campus organizations that have female executive leadership and an overwhelming female majority of executive board membership. The apparent equality of representation among these grassroots student entities is not matched in Student Council.

Singh and Porter both discussed the problem that CCSC hasn't been vocal on "women's issues" like reproductive issues. When it comes to those issues, Singh says "CCSC is a willing and supportive partner, but they don't raise the issues internally." The gender gap in council affects what policy issues CCSC decides to push or not and affects the campus climate at large.

It is difficult to assertively talk about issues like sexual assault and reproductive rights in an overwhelmingly male room-just as it is difficult to discuss issues involving students in lower income brackets when there is only one representative in the room on full financial aid. As Odessky put it, it is difficult to discuss "controversial" campus issues surrounding minority identities on campus when everyone knows that the "lily white" council does not adequately reflect the Columbia College student body. It remains to be seen whether this year and last year could be outliers in a council whose previous two presidents were women. But it is quite possible that the demographics we are seeing now will lead to a trend of less power being concentrated in the hands of fewer women. As Porter says, it's a "vicious cycle." •

The Craft Center

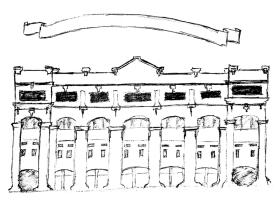
A Blue and White reporter explores Prentis Hall By Joseph Milholland

I am sitting in a room slightly smaller than your average first-year double containing a green screen, a ladder, a 3D printer, a cot, and a kettle. Projected on the screen is a movie about "a new-age activist cult who worship water in a future where it's been privatized," according to its creator, Columbia MFA student Jonah King.

King produced his \$1,000 budget movie in Prentis Hall, Columbia's antiquated, decaying building on 125th Street where around half of the MFA arts students practice their crafts. On the inside, Prentis is part-warehouse, part-apartment building—filled with cramped corridors and exposed pipes. Evidence of its art student tenants is everywhere: one studio door had an anarchist "A" scrawled on it, another had a video screen, and a third had a chalkboard listing "Giant Cock?" (circled) as a possible prop.

Prentis's colorful history isn't limited to the presence of its artists. The Manhattan Project—before operations were moved to New Mexico—used space in Prentis Hall. But even after atomic testing left the building, there was a minor controversy in the 1980s, when the *Spectator* reported that radiation still remained.

Nowadays, however, Prentis and its MFAs face a different sort of dilemma: Prentis sits at the edge of the new Manhattanville constructions, where an imposing steel frame demands the attention of every-



one around it. And its students have unwittingly become the face of Columbia's controversial expansion in their placement.

"Imagine in five years, the folks who work here in staff positions will have to move to Queens, and they'll have to commute into Harlem so they can work. That's insanity," says Sondra Perry, an MFA student whose projects often focus on race and politics.

Perry's identity as a tuition-paying Columbia student frequently comes in conflict with the causes she champions. For example, in November, after discovering that most of the clothes in Columbia's bookstore were made in Indonesia, Perry bought her own union-made t-shirts, painted "Columbia" on them, and sold the shirts in the neighborhood with mixed results. "You can be part of this really complicated institution that is slowly forcing out Harlemites from their homes, but you can do it guilt-free because your t-shirt that symbolizes the powerful institution you're a part of was made in a union factory!"

Still, the shortness and rigors of the program limit how the MFA students can impact the university, and Perry believes any discussions MFA students have with each other about Manhattanville could be disregarded as soon as they graduate. "There will be no talk, there will be no conversation at all."

The physical plant may weather the expansion, but it's hard to imagine the Prentis community staying the same. The current MFA students are starving-artist activist types, many of whom have anti-establishment views that don't exactly line up with Columbia's ideal transplant. King tells me that students have been to the "Black Lives Matter" protests, and that "there's been a lot of talk about" Manhattanville; quite a contrast to the technical, administrative theme of the planned Manhattanville campus.

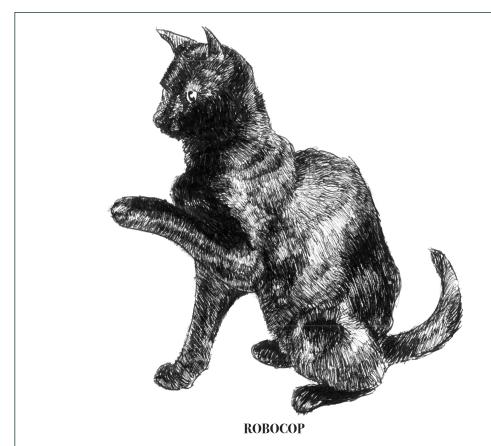
In the end, Prentis remains a symbol of a neighborhood in flux. "Change happens," Perry says. "The city is constantly evolving. I just wish it could do so more responsibly."

Meow

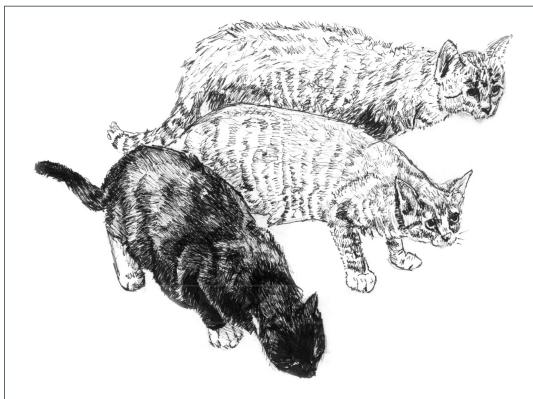
exercise regimen.

Words by Virginia Fu and Christian Zhang Illustrations by Zane Bhansali

New Yorkers have long had the privilege to happen upon chance encounters with greatness: Alec Baldwin on a rainy day in Union Square, Jay-Z on the train to a show, Bill Murray crashing a party in Bushwick, and so on. But Morningside Heights is home to a better, furrier kind of greatness. Without further ado, The Blue and White presents the best and brightest cats of the neighborhood.



Robocop used to live in a box, in a shelter. From these humble beginnings, he has since launched a successful career as an installation artist, working mostly in string and bile. In Robocop's mature work one can detect the influence of his early Maoist sympathies, his fascination with the instability of surfaces, and the ravages of a small but serious catnip habit. During our interview, Robocop was thoughtful and subdued, seemingly unaffected by the circumstances that led him to live at an unlisted address (Robocop requested that we not disclose his location). He moved restlessly around the room, exhibiting his impressive physique as he leapt from desktop to bed. Robocop maintains a rigorous daily



NUSSBAUM LAUNDRY ROOM CATS

It's not easy to live in the Nussbaum basement; the elevator to the basement is slow, the ghost that haunts it speaks only in an obscure dialect of Wu, and one sees the Nussbaum residents at their worst: days unshaven, in their laundry day orange shorts, wrestling with burdens of soiled raiment. Yet the mazelike space offers a plentiful diet of mice and cockroaches. Through the daily exorcisms and the Friskies Turkey and Cheese in Gravy-flavored tuna dinners kindly provided by Facilities, this tightknit clan of eight have become inseparable. Sources close to the family report that more kittens are expected. The group agrees that "the important thing is that we have each other."

OLIVE TREE DELI CAT

Recently retired to Upstate New York.

CONVENIENCE STORE ON 107TH AND AMSTERDAM

"Are there cats here?"
"No."



PANCHO II

Pancho II was not taking our calls this winter. He was taking his customary siesta in the basement of Samad's. "Talk to his agent," we were told.

April 2015

Self-Service

A look into Columbia's Community Scholars Program

By Channing Prend

Like any other student, Eric Washington has a CUID, logs in using his UNI, and takes courses at Columbia. Yet he's not enrolled in any of the university's 20 undergraduate or graduate schools. "I'm usually the oldest person in my classes," Washington laughed. "On the first day of my Urban Studies class last semester I was mistaken for a guest speaker."

Washington is one of the nine people in the Columbia Community Scholars Program. The program, which officially began in the fall of 2013, was first conceived as part of the community benefits negotiations surrounding Columbia's Manhattanville campus expansion. It was developed by the Office of Government and Community Affairs, and, according to the university's website, is designed to "offer independent, community-based scholars from Northern Manhattan access to a suite of Columbia University services and resources that allow them to work toward the completion of a particular project to attain skill in a particular area."

Karen Jewett, Columbia's Vice President of Government and Community Affairs, stated that the program was created to make the ivory tower more accessible. "As a university, we were in a unique position to offer more than just financial and physical amenities," Jewett said. "We wanted to make the intellectual resources of the university available to the community." These intellectual resources include access to Columbia's libraries and databases,

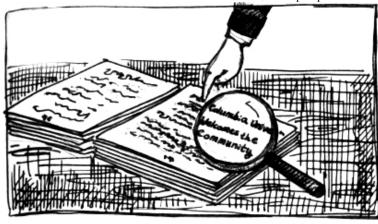
as well as the ability to audit classes and attend university events for the duration of the three-year program.

In order to be eligible, prospective applicants must live in Manhattan north of 96th Street, have a high school diploma or the equivalent, and have no current affiliation with Columbia. In order to be accepted into the program, applicants must outline a specific project they want to undertake.

The provisions of the program were established in the 2011 General Project Plan agreement with the state. A slender paragraph in the 57-page document offers the only official guidelines for the program. Given how loose the parameters are, both the scholars and the administrators have struggled to define the program's mission. As everyone involved noted, it's a work in progress. "We're hoping that these first few cohorts are going to help us sort out what it is that they really want from the university," Jewett said.

The vague language of the program's mission—"the completion of a particular project to attain skill in a particular area"—means that the projects cover a wide range of topics. One scholar, Mariama Keita, is researching historical women's movements in the Republic of Guinea. Another, Paula Kimper, is writing an opera. Adarsh Alphons is studying economics and development and applying what he learned to help expand his arts education nonprofit, ProjectArt.

A phrase that often surfaces in relation to the program is "independent scholar." For many, however, the program is a bit too independent. "One of the challenges of the program is that it's very self-guided," Kimper said. "Unless you have the initiative to really seek out guidance, you might get mired in all the choices." The scholars are not assigned a mentor or advisor. Keita remarked, "There isn't someone calling



you every day or emailing you telling you to do this or that."

In fact, since it is not a degree program, there are no requirements or methods of evaluation. Technically, it would be possible for a scholar to finish the three-year program with nothing to show for it. As Alphons said, "I'm not obliged to do anything per se."

According to Jewett, the admissions committee looks for projects that will add value to the com-

munity and the university, but how this value is determined is unclear. Some of the projects, such as Alphons' non-profit, have a clear tie to the community–ProjectArt provides free after-school art classes to young people in public libraries in West Harlem. But for some of the other more academic projects, the direct connection to the community is less clear. Does composing an opera or researching a book impact West Harlem residents? Should it have to?

Kimper sees the program as a way to build bridges between the university and local residents. Washington echoed her sentiment, adding, "I'm hoping that

this program is representative of an attitude change between the campus and the community." But the Community Scholars program itself can't do much to ease decades of town and gown tensions over Columbia's expansion into the Harlem area. Any progress in that direction would require commitment to the community as a whole, not just a handful of its residents.

The program may be just one small part of increased community engagement, but in order to make an impact on the community going forward, the program needs to reach more people. "Nobody really knows about it, at the university or in the community," Kimper said. "I always end up explaining it." Jewett said that the current approach to outreach relies on the government and community affairs database of civic leaders, local elected officials, nonprof-

its, and community boards. "We were really counting on word of mouth for some of it," she added. Jewett seems to be correct, since all the scholars I spoke with found out about the program through a referral from a friend.

This bootstrap approach to outreach may not extend far enough, though; nearly all of the scholars have advanced degrees. According to Jewett, this reflects a lack of non-college educated applicants rather than selection committee bias. She noted that

the detailed project proposal could be an inherently limiting factor for many applicants. Still, for the people that don't have the ability to plan a specific project, Jewett did mention "the university has a lot of stuff that's open to the public."

In order to give the scholars something to work towards, Jewett mentioned that the program might culminate in a presentation. "We're still figuring out how to give the program structure," she said. "As it stands, someone could take some classes for the first year and then drift off." All of the scholars that I spoke with supported this idea. "I would welcome a vehicle for demonstrating my

work," Washington said.

Like much about the program, its future is unclear. The original provision in the General Project Plan states, "Columbia envisions the program to proceed as a pilot for ten years and then be re-evaluated to assess its effectiveness." How to assess the effectiveness remains to be seen. "I think everyone wants this program to succeed," Washington said. "But the metrics for actually defining that success are still being shaped." Moving forward, the program will evolve based on the scholars' needs. "They're kind of letting us create the program as we go," Kimper said. Involving community members in the university may eventually play a part in improving relations between Columbia and West Harlem. For now though, its impact seems limited, if not symbolic.





Spirited Debate

How students received Prohibition By Jordana Narin



What's all this talk of Prohibition being repealed? We ain't never even heard of Prohibition," declared a "joint statement from a joint on the fifth floor of John Jay" in the *Columbia Daily Spectator* on December 4, 1933. Booze, banned after the passage of the Eighteenth Amendment to the United States Constitution in 1919, was back.

Then again, it didn't go far in the first place. Just as Columbians today generally ignore the ban on cannabis, few Prohibition-era students abided by the dry laws—a May 1930 poll found that campus was 88 percent wet. "The speakeasy has been regarded by him as no more a phenomenon than the corner-drug store or delicatessen," said the *Spectator* upon the law's repeal.

But despite what seems to be a nearly universal flagrant disregard of the law, Prohibition provided a general framework of complex, conflicting, and often combative campus discussion. It was the subject of a decade's worth of essay competitions, guest lectures, panels. Had a University Senate existed at the time, it is doubtless that students would have attended town halls on the matter.

Campus media, as it is today, was fertile ground for mudslinging on both sides. Fond of polls, the *Spectator* frequently tabulated student opinion on the ban. While Prohibition's popularity waned over the course of its thirteen year lifespan, it initially found strong support from the student body. The *Spectator* reported overwhelming approval in 1916 and, three years later, published a straw poll noting that 1151 students were unqualifiedly in favor, 221 unquali-

fiedly opposed, and 512 in favor with the exceptions of light beer and wine.

Unsurprisingly, by 1930, another *Spectator* poll indicated that only 105 students voted for continued enforcement of Prohibition, with 248 in support of modification and 509 for all-out repeal. While straw polls were common at this time, this particular poll recorded the highest percentage of ballots cast against the Eighteenth Amendment of any college in the east.

Student opinion notwithstanding, the *Spec* editorial board took a decidedly War On Fun stance on the matter. Responding to a letter calling Prohibition a failure and advocating for repeal written in 1924 by University President Nicholas Murray Butler (of library fame), *Spec* wrote, "Prohibition is not a bad thing simply because it is not easy. What great reform was ever accomplished along the lines of least resistance?" On the position of Barnard activists against Prohibition (in contrast to ardent support they, along with other women's movements, initially gave the law), the *Spectator* published, "They still refuse to admit that the Prohibition law, put through by their votes in 1918, is a failure and a reflection on their use of the voting privilege" in 1932.

Despite all this fervent editorializing, the next year on December 6th, 1933, one day after the repeal of Prohibition, the paper wrote, "To the average student, Prohibition never really meant anything." This seems like an oversimplification. Prohibition played a huge role—perhaps only gleaned in hindsight—in providing students on campus with a constant source of contention and debate, despite failing to regulate what they drank.•



a literary podcast: columbia undergraduate writers on their writing lives

revisioncu.tumblr.com



CURIO COLUMBIANA

John Erskine, longtime Columbia professor and founder of the Core Curriculum, attended the College when its campus was still at what is now the site of Rockefeller Center. In this excerpt from his book, The Memory of Certain Persons, he reflects upon Columbia College Dean John Howard Van Amringe (1836–1915), best known for his monument between John Jay and Hamilton Hall. For our modern-day update—an interview with present Dean, James J. Valentini (and his director of communications, Sydney Gross)—see page 28.

In the late summer of 1896 I received a notice to appear at the College within certain dates, and register for the freshman class [...]

Shortly after the term opened I made the acquaintance of the Dean John Howard Van Amringe, a figure in Columbia history. Van Am was a gentleman of fine presence, who looked taller than he was. His white beard, parted at the chin, lengthened him out. The beard had once been red. He took almost military care to walk erect, and on occasion he literally leaned backward. He had a high voice, which in spite of huskiness and a natural squeak, was penetrating. When dealing with a mere student who was not an athlete, he assumed a fierce manner, straightened up, and glared down through his glasses, which because of the heavy chain or cord attached to them, always slanted across his nose. Theoretically he held that teacher and student are and should be natural enemies. As I have implied, he favored athletes. It would be misleading to say that he wasted no attention on the studious, but he certainly had something like scorn for a grind. He was credited with saving the college from coeducation. His argument was simple. "You can't teach a boy mathematics if there's a girl in the room, or if you can, he isn't worth teaching." To conscience-stricken youths who wished a private word with him, he snapped, "Put it in writing!" It was remarkable how many of our petitions, when spread on paper, evaporated. He seemed a master hand at disposing of bluffs, but in fact he was oversoft. For those who cared to study his moods and wait for the right one, it was ridiculously easy to pull his leg.

He had an office boy, named, as I recall, Willie. Whether Willie had been trained by Van Am or whether he was the spontaneous product of nature, is not for me to say. If you knocked at the Dean's door, Willie opened it an inch or so and told you to put it in writing. According to widely circulating rumor he was not above suggesting that a package of cigarettes would help your case. He favored Sweet Caporals.

Van Am was perhaps a histrionic character, as many a man is without knowing it. His great popularity among the students may be explained by the fact that he gave an admirable performance of the part which undergraduates in those days thought a dean should play. Students like myself, ambitious to write or practice any of the fine arts, were a new type just beginning to appear in numbers on the American campus, and Van Am, who cared little for innovations, endured this one philosophically. Whatever the limitations of his interests, for me and hundreds of other boys he was a human and reassuring institution. Some of his casual remarks, thrown off with blustering emphasis, stuck in our memory like bits of folklore. "Don't eat crow unless you have to; but if you have to, say you like it!"

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Fiddling Around

A year post-graduation, checking in with Morningsiders

By Alexander Pines

A surprising amount of Kant makes it into the post-graduate life," Magnus Ferguson, CC '14, tells me toward the end of our conversation. We're sitting with Reid Jenkins, also CC '14, in Reid's parents' Upper West Side brownstone, catching up a few days after Morningsiders' EP launch show in early March.

The band, best known on campus for opening for Macklemore at Bacchanal in 2013, is about to

leave on a two-week tour of the Midwest, spanning Chicago, Cincinnati, Columbus, Indianapolis, and Nashville. While Magnus and Reid have been playing together since 2010, the lineup has shifted a few times since the band's inception in 2012. Its latest incarnation, since August 2014, is a four-piece outfit: Magnus, Reid, David Su, CC '14, and Cody Gibson, who is unaffiliated with Columbia.

"When we graduated, it was just the two of us [Magnus and Reid], and that was weird," Magnus says. "That's when we had to wake up and convince each other that the band existed. I think in the past half year, though, we've really gotten into this group."

All four sing, with Magnus on guitar, Reid on the fiddle, David on drums, and Cody on the double bass. Magnus tells me that the group concentrates on "working within the parameters of our instruments." "There's always this voice that makes you think, if only we had an oboe or clarinet, that would make the difference," he says, "but at the end of the day there's some really cool stuff with what basically is a string band arrangement."

They often add a fifth or sixth instrument for recordings or shows. In particular, their EP, *unfo-*

cused, featured Corey Dansereau, CC '14, on the trumpet—before he left for India indefinitely, Reid tells me with a sigh. For the duration of the tour, the band will be travelling with Reid's father, a professional musician (and member, along with Reid, of the Jenkins Family Band). "One thing that's great about this band right now is that we're modular in terms of the kind of space we play," Reid says. "We have this very intimate setup."

That being said, no one would complain about more horns.

"I wish I had a private horn section to follow me everywhere," Magnus says thoughtfully.

"Don't we all, man," Reid adds.

Throughout our conversation, Magnus and Reid repeatedly describe their preference for smaller, acoustic spaces. "Where we shine is in the ability to put together these layered sounds in these harmonies and

these arrangements in a room five feet away from the first person," Magnus says.

Indeed, Rockwood Music Hall's stage three, the venue for their sold-out March 6th EP launch show, was cozy and well-suited to the band's complex sound. On songs like *unfocused*'s heartfelt opening track "Dots," the rich guitar-string raspiness emerges clearly even across the room.

The audience, nestled around tables in the small space under the glow of soft red lighting (and a smattering of fake candles), was a curious mix: cardigan-clad recent Columbia grads, and a handful of older audience members—one of whom, midway through the show, shouted up at the stage to ask how the band members' lives were going. "Our lives are super rad," replied Magnus. "Thank you for asking,



"When we play in

Brooklyn, Columbia

does not turn up."

Dad. Nice of you to check in."

The vibe was relaxed but with an earnest energy. Reid would often dance onstage and each musician played with comfort and seeming ease. The band seemed genuinely thrilled just to be performing. While Reid and Magnus told me that "Empress" and "Lightning,"—clear crowd favorites (many members of the audience, myself included, sang along for both songs)—were among the most difficult in their set, the performance lacked any perceptible signs of anxiety or strain. "It's crazy to start playing and people are glad you started playing that song," Magnus tells me. "Most of the time you start and have to convince people by the end that you're not wasting their time."

The end of the set brought screams for an encore. "Someone always yells 'Empress' again,"

Magnus said, grinning, before launching into a boisterous cover of Lyle Lovett's "Long Tall Texan."

When I ask if the fanbase was still primarily made up of Columbia students, Magnus pauses thoughtfully.

"You know, it depends on the venue. When we play in Brooklyn, Columbia does *not* turn up," he laughs. "What's been interesting is watching the audience change. It used to only be twenty of our best friends and family. These days, we try not to play shows in the city too much because it would be like charging our friends \$10 to hang out with us once a month—we try to space them out. Now, it's really hard to pin down an exact demographic."

The two express sincere appreciation for the Columbia music community. "It's always super energetic," Magus says. "I'm just blown away by how supportive people are of their friends at Columbia."

When this year's Bacchanal opener Liberty Styles emailed Reid for advice about breaking into the city, he told them, "It's actually amazing to be starting a band at Columbia, because people want to hear new music, people want to see the new Vampire Weekend, you know?"

And on the inevitable comparison to Vampire Weekend?

"It's super flattering. Any likening to us and a successful band can't hurt," Reid says, laughing.

Magnus adds, "When I think of Vampire Weekend, I think of pretty complex and nuanced arrangements. Their songwriting is spot on and

quirky. 'Oxford Comma' definitely came out of Columbia—you can see it. It was really cool when we were first starting out, playing a show in that chandelier room in St. A's. It was cool trying to follow their ghost around campus a bit." That said, Magnus tells me the band "definitely used to bristle a bit" at comparisons. "A lot of people were saying that we were like Mumford and Sons and at first and we'd be like, hey, what? But say what you will about groups like Mumford and Sons, they've made folk music work—they were the first to really catapult up there and become folk pop people."

In terms of what being a successful band would look like, Reid stresses the importance of being able to make a living—and to have the financial ability to "make something really good that we're proud of."

A full album, for example, is still a ways off. Right now, he and Magnus both live with their respective parents, teaching music to students on the side, while David does web design and Cody oversees financial management

of an indoor decorating company. "There's no creative middle class," Reid says, echoing an article he'd read in the *Atlantic*. As Magnus puts it: "We're floating. Indie music isn't really ... you don't make money on it until you're *really* making money on it."

For now, though, says Magnus, "What I'm really psyched about is to go to these new cities and play these shows and not just break even, but leave people with some music." While ticket and song sales (and even a Starbucks ad spot featuring Oprah—"it helped for maybe two months," Reid laughs) aren't adding up to a tremendous amount, the band has embraced a kind of bootstraps-y, DIY mentality suitable for their Americana sound. "We're all putting as many hours as we can into the band, and feel ourselves improving a lot. The band is starting to coalesce and take shape—it has an attitude towards things, which is really exciting. It's like watching something grow."

The dream? "I want to play A Prairie Home Companion. That's my main one. I want to inherit Garrison Keillor's show," Magnus says, strumming quietly on the guitar he'd been playing on and off throughout the conversation, at times familiar lines from their setlist, at others, covers of 90s rock songs. "I also have a punk album in me. Can't let it out yet."

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Measure for Measure

REFRAIN

I named my last daughter Echo because in the doctor's room my hands were placed over my stomach and in the sonogram her hands were placed over her stomach. When she was old enough to speak, I told her I loved her and in response she told me she loved me. How I wondered what to say as a follow-up! But I soon found I didn't need to. I'd say I love you when I meant Story time's over or Pass the ketchup or No you can't tattoo a komodo dragon on your bicep. I love you I love you I love you resounded through the house nearly hourly, like a grandfather clock. This went on for years. I'd once told my husband over breakfast, I wanted to live with someone more like myself. He didn't hear me, just like he didn't hear me this morning, when I told him I felt I was finally getting motherhood down. He just turned to the sports section, as if it could offer something new. No wonder I wanted to live with someone more like myself. Cleveland had lost again, I could tell from Echo's expression. I decided to tend to the garden, like someone who truly was finally getting motherhood down. I put on my overalls. I put on my farmers hat. I put on my sunblock and my work boots and my yellow gloves. I grabbed my bottle of pesticide but, standing before the roses, found I couldn't pull the trigger. From where I stood, the bugs on the roses looked like a little city. I wondered if they had senators, neighborhoods, family units. I remembered aphids are born pregnant, unless that's just something I picked up somewhere.

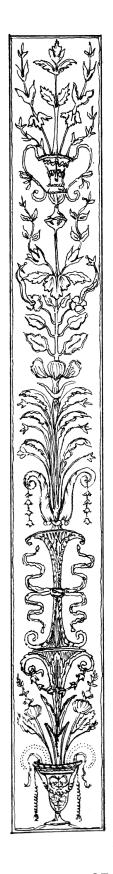
- Liv Lansdale

Measure for Measure

Polaroid

Shake or shuffle but don't snip my from the album under photos out for I cannot find us there the stairs or even me slash my looks slash my lines my washed-out likeness. What do you call those chemicals that freeze us dry when I wave them around like some stiff flag of surrender? I still associate memory with rolls of tape were a purely as though wholeness physical concern.

- Liv Lansdale



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The Greatest Dean in the Greatest College

In the Greatest City in the Greatest Country in the World By Daniel Stone & Hallie Nell Swanson

James Valentini has been Dean of Columbia College for four years. Before then, he taught in the Chemistry Department, most notably Gen Chem. His tenure began inauspiciously amidst the resignation of former Dean (and current Professor) Michele Moody-Adams over questions of the university's commitment to undergraduate education. Since then, Dean Valentini has had a well-intentioned and inoffensive presence on campus. On a sunny day in March, Daniel Stone and Hallie Nell Swanson trudged up the steps of Hamilton Hall to join him in his office off the lobby. Also present was Sydney Gross, Columbia College's Director of Communications. The following transcript has been edited for length and clarity. A longer version may be found at theblueandwhite.org.

Hallie Nell Swanson: Do you feel there is a relationship between the academic discipline youWve come from and the way you approach being dean?

James Valentini: I think it's most evident if I try to step out of myself and look at myself as dean. When we discuss what to do, I want to always ask, 'What's the reason why?' 'What's the evidence we have to support wanting to do this?' It's very outcomeoriented. Experiments have outcomes—you're aiming for an outcome. It's quantitative and analytical in that sense. But that's part of it. That's

the part that chemistry really contributes to. But the part that chemistry doesn't contribute to is the biggest part, which is dealing with people. That is more based on everyday common experience I have had. Chemistry doesn't specifically prepare you for that—maybe if you had a PhD in psychology that would be better.

Daniel Stone: Do you ever think of yourself as someone in a succession of deans?

JV: People use the word legacy, I don't really like the word. But I would like to leave something to the next dean and the one after that. It's something about making ourselves even better. I think a lot about what can we do to build something that will persist

even if everyone working with me now—Sydney and everyone else—went onto some other job. Even if the next dean (you don't know how capable any particular

person is going to be), even if maybe we made a poor choice and it wasn't such a capable dean, we'd still keep going. And that's what I really aim for—something that's not so dependent on who's here.

HNS: Kind of an institutional memory?

JV: Yeah—it's well put. But it's sort of more than that, an institutional culture, a way that it's about us in collection,

that that culture persists even when the people in it change.

DS: It sounds like what you're getting at is that there is some sort of Columbian identity?

JV: Yeah—and I think there really is. Every school has a mission statement. We used to have one that was like two pages long on our website that I think could have applied to practically any place on earth. And I'm a chemist, I don't know anything about writing mission statements. So what did I do? I went to an alum who's class of 1959 who was the chairman of BBDO (one of the world's most success-ful, largest marketing and advertising firms), and I said to him, "Alan, would you write for us a mission statement?"



And he said, "Sure." And he came in and he talked to a lot of people: staff, students. And he wrote a two-paragraph mission statement which is on the website now. That is part of our identity—it's an expression of our identity and who we are and what's important to us in two paragraphs.

DS: Do you think that sort of makes it corporate?

JV: You know, it's natural for people to say that because if you go outside to someone who's in the corporate world they'll say, "Now you're being corporate." Well, the College is an enterprise not a business. But it's an enterprise and we're trying to achieve an objective. The objective doesn't involve money and we don't have a product, but, in a way, we do, I think. On Class Day every year 1100 or so students will walk off campus. That's our product, and I said this at Class Day one year: We don't make things, but we help people make themselves, and we clearly have a conception of how we want to do that. And that's our mission. And I know to some people that sounds corporate, but to me that's a good thing. It's not trying to get anyone to buy anything. It's a statement of who you are and that's important to you.

HNS: I think for me the thing with 'the college' is that I don't know how to define it except in terms of well, we're not this other funky one which has something a bit different going on. We're just the straight, regular one.

JV: We are the true, traditional liberal arts college here. Barnard is a true traditional women's college at Columbia and Engineering is a traditional engineering college. General Studies is an institution for nontraditional students. I think it may be ... the way you're describing it I can see, it's more generic, because Princeton has one, Harvard has one, there's Yale College, Harvard College. Do you have trouble formulating what you think of as your identity as a Columbia College student? I'm not putting you on the spot.

HNS: I think perhaps that's what I'm getting at, that it's hard to come up with a positive definition—positive not in terms of values, but defining on its own terms, as opposed to in negatives.

JV: I'm going to ask you two guys a question, you

can help me. Have either of you read the mission statement on the website? I have homework for you: I'd like each of you to write a mission statement for Columbia College. Send it to Sydney. It's not a lot of work. This is not a test, I'm actually curious what you would write. [For *The Blue and White*'s CC Mission Statement, see page 5.]

HNS: How would you describe a CC student, and can you describe a CC student?

JV: These are the descriptors I would have for my interactions with hundreds, maybe now thousands of students, from even before I was dean: intellectually curious, aggressive in the best sense. I don't mean aggressive in the pushy sense. Aggressive in wanting to achieve, wanting to learn, wanting to know. Engaged, socially aware, ambitious in the best sense. I think those are the characteristics of a Columbia College student. Now does every Columbia College student display those? I think to at least some extent, yes. Would any particular Columbia College student identify himself or herself that way? Maybe not.

HNS: When you're thinking about the students that you represent, how do you get a cross-section of the student body?

JV: Oh, that's really hard. That part is really hard. I say to students, "Every one of you was admitted as an individual because of a unique life experience and narrative you've had," ... So characterizing someone—OK, getting a representative sample is really hard.

DS: What feeds your sense of these things, though?

JV: Just from talking to students.

DS: Who do you talk to, though?

JV: I talked to a lot of students even before I became dean. In my life at Columbia, I've taught probably between four and five thousand students. How many of them did I know personally? 20 percent maybe, maybe more. As dean now, I talk to a lot of students. Sometimes I run into students on College Walk and we just start talking, and I ask them about what they're doing and what they think about. But in an

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organized way, I have office hours. Do I have office hours today? Or tomorrow?

Sydney Gross: Today.

JV: Today. I have office hours once a month, something like that, and students just drop in and talk. You get five minutes, 'cause there's a long line. I have Dine with Deantini once a month—that's by lottery—students come in, about ten or 12 students at lunchtime, I talk to them. I have regular meetings with Columbia College Student Council president and vice president, with the Columbia College students who are representatives in the University Senate, there are some student groups I meet with, and now I have dinners about once a month on Sunday night in a residence hall.

DS: Do you think it's maybe harder to really understand how things are from when you talk to students because they're so involved with their immediate experience that they lack a sense of detachment?

JV: Oh, yes. The ability to stand back from your life and observe yourself is really difficult, and the younger you are the more difficult it is. I don't mean that in any patronizing way, it's just in my experience in life. But if I listen to students talk, I can get a sense of them in a way that may be different from what they believe—what they imagine they're communicating. I'm not a spy, but you get a sense of people from what they say. But it's difficult.

HNS: Would you say that you've seen changes in university culture or the kinds of kids who are here from 2011 to now?

JV: I think students feel a diminished sense of security about their futures now than they did when I first came to Columbia or even ten years ago. I'm not sure of that, but that's my observation, and I certainly do not believe I know the source of that, but it does concern me. But I think you have as much or greater reason to feel secure about yourselves individually in the future as students did ten years ago or 25 years ago, and I'd like you to feel that, but I think the best route I can have to that is ... my telling you that isn't going to make it any more compelling. Students will discount what the dean says. That's just natural.

DS: Is it wrong for us to suggest that the professional future of a student goes hand in hand with their well-being?

JV: We use the term, "Follow your passion," but we use it so much that all its meaning has kind of drained out of it. I think you should do what you want to do. What's interesting to you? What do you really like doing? And not think about anything else. I know that's hard to do. I know that's really hard to do. But that's how I think you ought to engage with college.

DS: I think part of it is that class intersects with these things, so you have a very different bunch of people at Columbia. Many people here are quite privileged and can do certain things without fear of paying the rent.

JV: Yeah. So, one of the things I also say is we are preparing our students for a life that will last six decades after they graduate and we can't anticipate the world that they're going to encounter, but the one thing we do know is that your success in that life depends on your ability to interact with other people. Diversity here to me means people who come from families of real means are gonna be meeting people from Accident, Maryland who grew up on a farm, or people like me. I grew up in a coal mining town in Appalachia. I didn't know anyone who went to college. My father didn't graduate from high school. We still have students at Columbia College like that. Is it stressful in some ways to be a student from a background that is less advantaged financially? Well, yeah, in some ways. But life's like that.

HNS: One of our articles this issue is about diversity in CCSC [see page 13]. Apparently only one of the members is on financial aid. Obviously you have commitments to first-generation, low-income students, for example, but do you still find they might not be seeking you out to interact with you the same way that other students might be?

JV: You worry about representative student council. Gee, if no one's on financial aid, how did that happen? That's not necessarily a bad thing, but how did that happen? In terms of their ability to represent students—I don't know. I don't worry so much about students seeking me out because I try to seek students out. But you worry about students with different levels of what I'll call social capital or social experience

30 The Blue and White



seeking out everything that will benefit them here. Whether it's any particular cohort of students, I can't say. I didn't seek out those opportunities in college, at least at first, because I was terrified. I mean, a first semester in college, terrified isn't too strong a word. I didn't understand anything that was happening. It was all alien to me.

DS: I'm an RA, and one thing you see a lot in the firstyear community is that it's a very lonely time.

JV: Why is that? I'm not challenging it. I don't want it to be a lonely time. I think it is, and what can we do about it?

DS: It's a lot of things. Probably a lot of people are living away from home for the first time. A lot of people also are used to having regular contact with adults, they've grown up going home every day.

JV: That's a good point.

HNS: I definitely identify with what Dan is saying in terms of loneliness in freshman year. The things you I think rightly identify as defining the college—diversity, ambition, that sort of thing—they are definitely positive, but I wonder if you see them as conducive to community.

JV: So, I don't think they're anti-conducive to community. None of those adjectives describes propelling a sense of community. In some ways, community is based on, in my view, a recognition of someone else's well-being being as important as your own. And that's not, I don't think that's natural for human beings—I don't think it's how we survived. But it is essential to society. And I've said this to lots of people. Biological

life is fundamentally a battle against the second law of thermodynamics. (You don't have to know what that means, but it's OK.) And society is fundamentally a battle against narcissism. Narcissism is about the singular importance of myself. I think a lot of stress is caused by narcissism too, because everything matters about what I do, everything matters what happens to me, everything matters matters about me. If you feel yourself as part of something and there's kind of a collective endeavor, you are less inclined to think, "Oh god, what I do is so important." But I won't say ... if I had a magic way to do that, we'd already be doing that. I don't know. I don't know how to do that.

DS: People doing things for the good of the College? Is that what you're talking about?

JV: Community, I think, is based fundamentally on a sense of valuing ... feeling a sense of value and accomplishment as part of something as opposed to being an individual. That's at the heart of a sense of community. Community is not propagated by grading courses on a curve, and a lot of things you do in academic life focus on you as an individual. If you cooperate on something academic, we usually punish you. A lot of focus is on individual endeavor, so there's not a lot of collective identity. For me, having something collective would be a way to propel a sense of community.

SG: We have time for one more question.

HNS: Are you aware of any faculty cats, or just in general cats that live on or around campus? We're looking for a fourth local cat for our feature on cats.

SG: I suggested their fourth cat should be a lion.

JV: Very good, Sydney! No, I don't know.

DS: Do you have a pet lion?

JV: Yes! [Indicates fluffy Roaree on desk] Actually I have more than one. And I know the original Roaree. And I know the person who bought the costume that Roaree wears right now. [...] No, I have a dog. I don't have a cat. Yeah, I'm no cat person. I've seen dogs on campus, I've never seen a cat on campus. They're very much more independent. When I see a dog, it's with someone.

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Arts Initiative at
Columbia University.
This funding is made
possible through a
generous gift from
The Gatsby Charitable
Foundation.



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THIS MAGAZINE WAS PRINTED BY:



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DIGITALIA COLUMBIANA

These excerpts were culled from documents left on Columbia's lab computers. We encourage our readers to submit their own digitalia finds to us, via email, at bwgossip@columbia.edu.

To Whom It May Concern:

As a recent graduate of Barnard College of Columbia University, I am writing to express my interest in the Publishing Assistant position. Having studied English in college and therefore devoured pages upon pages of Penguin publications, I am particularly interested in working for Penguin Group USA. [...]

As the Musical Arranger and Musical Director of Bacchantae, a Barnard/Columbia all-female a cappella group, I broke down popular music and independent music alike to create exciting pieces to then teach and perform with the group. My experience with music—from playing percussion in Columbia University Orchestra to Bacchantae—has influenced my love of successful collaboration and creative thinking.

I have gained experience in a variety of professional settings and would like to put my talents to use in an organization with a legacy of commitment to finding and supporting great works of literature. [...] Most of all, I am enthusiastic and look forward to new experiences.

I am confident that my background as well as my dedication would make me an asset to Penguind [sic] Group USA. I would love the opportunity to be part of such an encouraging and influential company.

8

Confirmation Policy (from the hotel booking of a J-School event)

The purpose of this agreement by either policy is subject to acts of God, or war, government regulations, disaster, strikes, civil disorder, curtailment of transformation facilities or other emergencies that make it inadvisable, illegal, or impossible to provide the facilities or to hold the event.

An email from a WKCR alum to the entire listserv regarding recent fundraising procedures:

Dear Comrades:

Doing the Fundraiser as you have planned would be diastrous [sic]. Doing any on-air fundraising before December would be diastrous [sic], too.

I had explained this well to some of you and your predecessors.

Feel free to ignore my advice and to delay/avoid any conferring with me on such a momentous matter. I have raised as much money and run as many successful on-air fundraisers as anyone who has ever lived. I have kept KCR in the Black for over 40 years.

In short: DO NOT ATTEMPT ANY ON-AIR FUNDRAISERS UNTIL DECEMBER 2015 then, do a one-two punch:

December: Bach Festival Fundariser [sic] Top of the year (Jan 2016) all out

Our station encounters jeopardy—different ones, too—on a regular basis. Dismantling a wise long term fundraising planning would add an additional crisis; perhaps the one that will take us down.

Be Careful, Phil◆



CAMPUS GOSSIP

DESPERATE TIMES

At a recent CCSC meeting, one of the unreported topics of discussion was a plan to sign up for an "Escape the Room" session.

3

Bacchanal's Lion Tamers aren't the first to be assigned the bewildering task of stopping sexual assault. March's First Friday event page included the following blurb: "This dance Space will be kept secure by peer safety monitors. If any activity which seems to violate the rules of CONSENT ensues, you will be interrupted, and possibly asked to leave the party space. Safely monitors can be found wearing glow sticks in the party space."

a

Only one person took the precaution and signed up for the spring break "emergency" meal plan, which would have cost \$200 had it not been cancelled due to lack of interest.

do

As proof that Columbia is swelling with more students, almost all the doubles in ZBT's former brownstone have been converted into triples this year for transfer housing. Several doubles in the so-called "Special Interest House" brownstones have also been assigned to transfers.

3

RULES WERE MADE TO BE BROKEN

While students are not allowed pets in their dorms, Dean Kromm has a small dog named Tory in Wallach.

8

A second-semester senior who skipped the first month of his floor hockey P.E. class was told that he would accrue "double attendance" each game if he agreed to don the heavy (and heavily-used) equipment and play goalie. In addition to members of No Red Tape, the University sent warning letters to the *Spec* reporter and photographer who covered the admission Q&A protests. Fitting, given PrezBo's prezboner for the First Amendment.

مد

The author of a *Spec* opinion piece has been asked to meet with a University public relations manager for allegedly mischaracterizing the nature of their dealings.

3

IF YOU CAN'T BEAT 'EM, JOIN 'EM

Admins are working on a plan that would add a \$30 semesterly tuition surcharge to have unrestricted free laundry. Rumor has it that part of the decision was Facilities' inability to get washers in some dorms to charge students full price.

ð

Chad Washington is back on the football team.

3

Columbia is paying up to 15 students \$750 a semester to participate in a sexual health committee. Positions were advertised as a glossy addition to your resume.

ð

In Professor Jacob Boersema's Classical Social Theory class, a discussion of Marx's suggestions for reducing the power of the bourgeoisic led one student to inquire, "But, like, if that happens, who will give big charity gifts to hospitals? And if Columbia didn't get all those donations from the one percent they wouldn't be able to do top-notch research."

ô

Sexual respect...it's mandatory!◆

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